

MARVEL
9th Feb 91

THE REAL

№139 45p

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GHSTBUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404

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The walls have ears, and potatoes have eyes, but in this week's spookily spectacular edition of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** Peter and Winston find out that the walls have arms as well, in **Winston's Diary!**

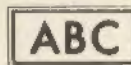
If that story isn't enough to make you quake in your boots, then the first story coming up is guaranteed to turn you into a *nervous wreck!* The Ghostbusters get called out on a maritime bust when a scuba diver uncovers a pirate's chest in a monstrous marine story entitled **Shiver Me Timbers!**

There's the start of an extra gooey two-part story featuring your favourite ghastly green ghou in **Slimer And The Ghostly Eggs!** That's apart from all the other spooky features in the ghostliest comic ever, **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!** Don't forget as well that there are loads of **FREE** gifts and competitions coming up in the next couple of weeks, so don't miss out — place a regular order with your newsagent straight away!

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Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



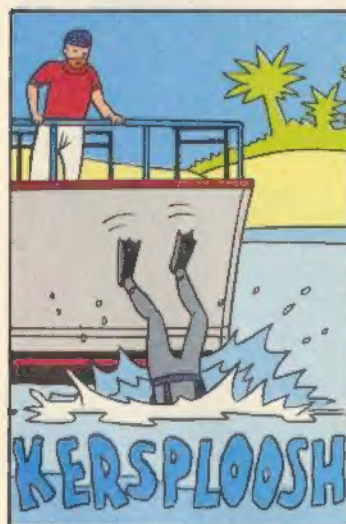
SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

SHIVER ME TIMBERS!

DOWN IN FLORIDA...

OKAY, BERT.
REMEMBER TO TUG
ON THE LINE IF YOU
SEE ANYTHING
INTERESTING!



BLUBBLE-LUB



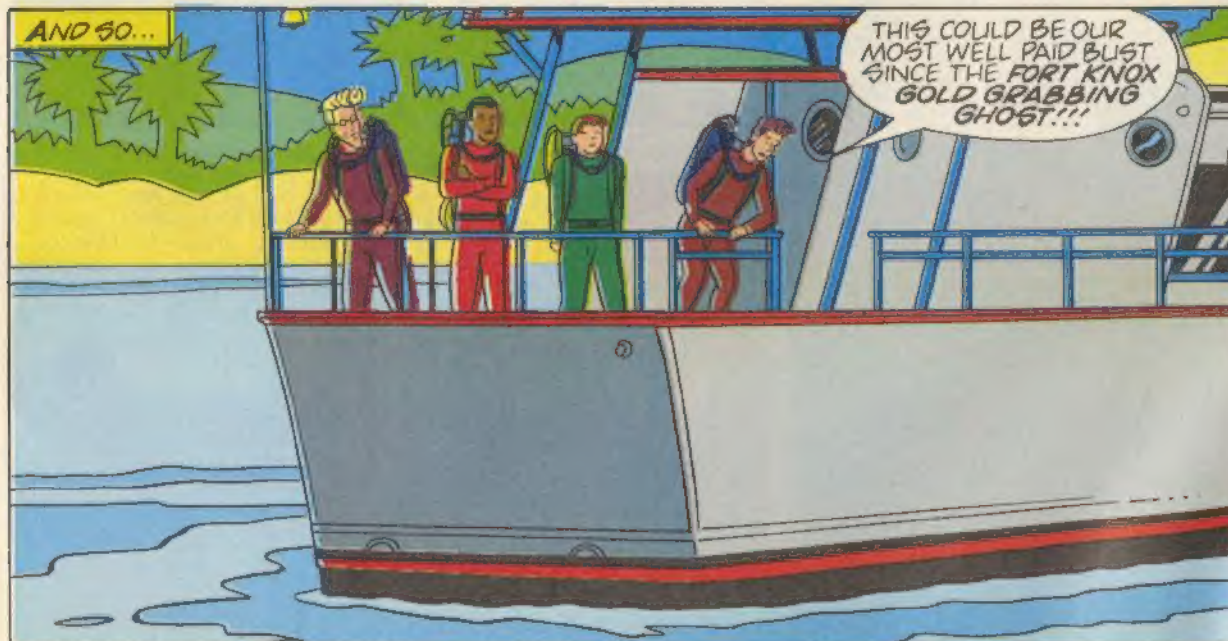
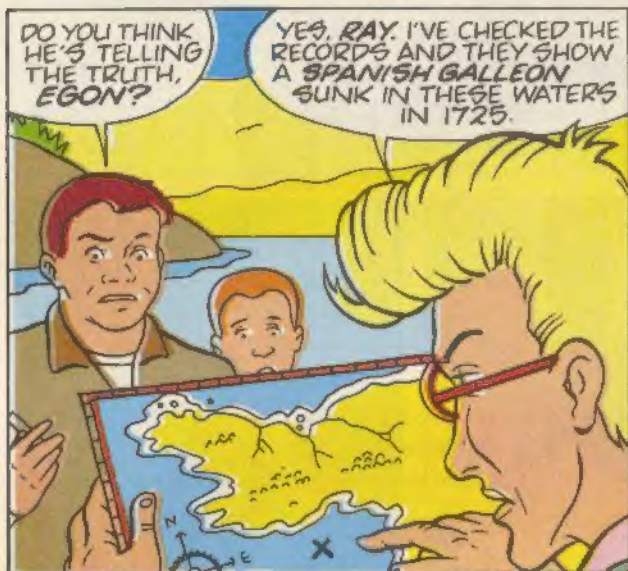
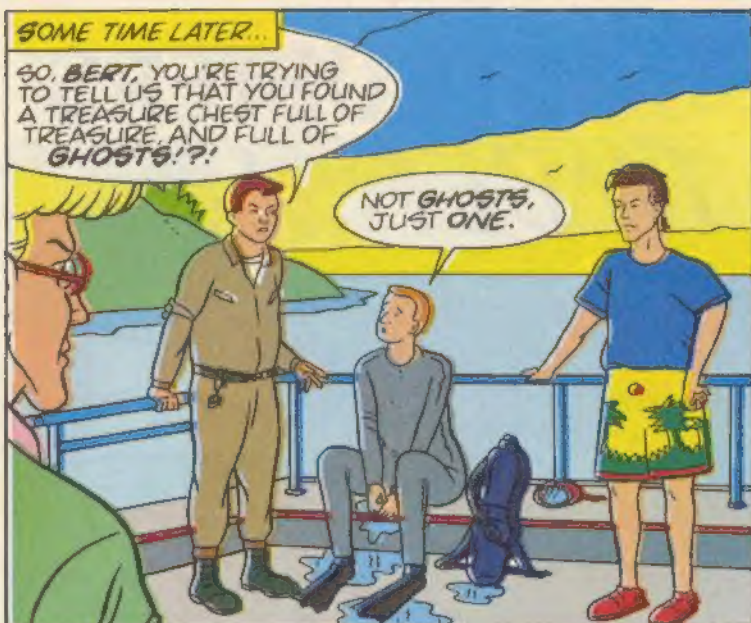
HUH?!

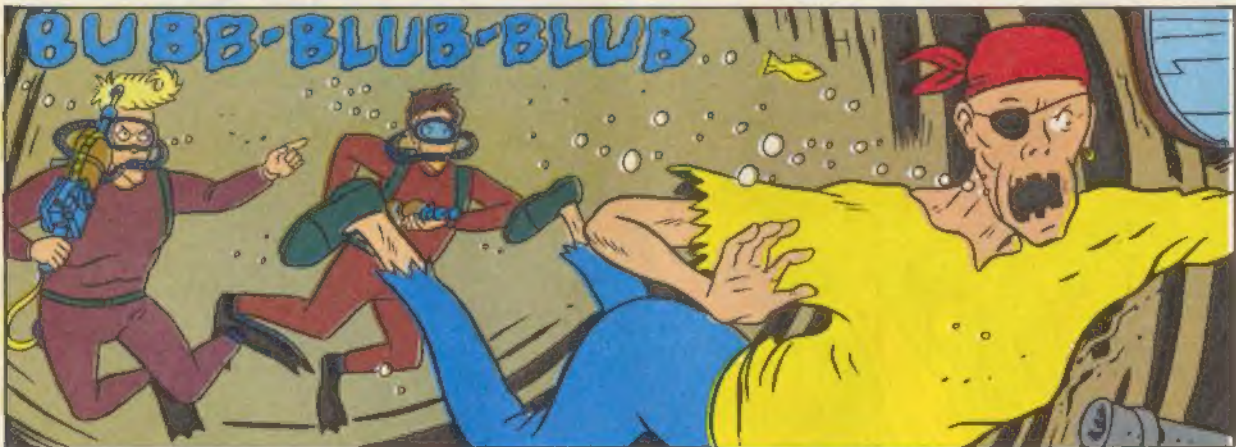
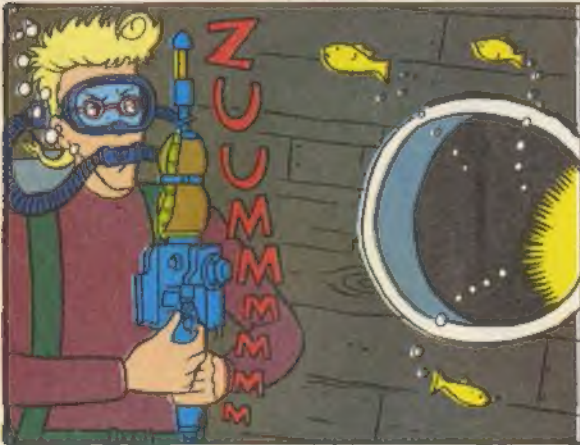


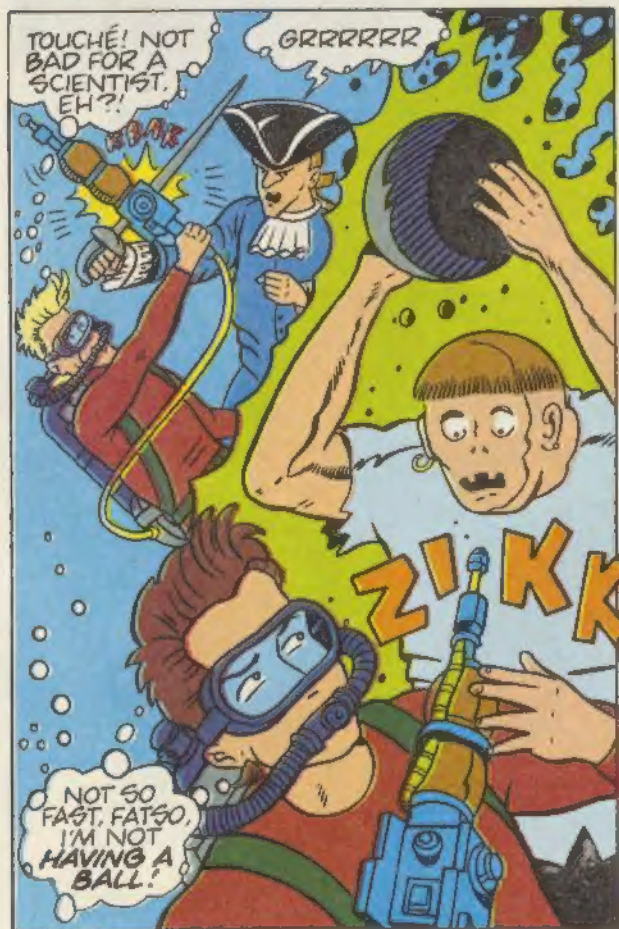
MM, LOOKS LIKE HE'S
FOUND SOMETHING
INTERESTING! VERY
INTERESTING!

CLANGA
CLANGA
CLANG











DARE YOU ENTER THE

HAUNTED HOUSE?



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**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE FOUR
ON SALE NOW WITH FREE DOUBLE LOLLY!**

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

More nonsense this week – nonsense verse, actually. Dabney Colebunker of Millwall wrote in asking for more info on the famous nonsense rhymers Edwin Lure, whose connections with the paranormal have been remarked upon by Tobin, Spare, Vondahuck and officers of the Thames Valley Police. No good critique of Lure's work has yet been attempted, although my own book, *Edwin Lure – An Afterlife In Limerick* will see publication next year. I'll sum up the details here and give you a taste of the great man's work.

Lure was unique in the sphere of the paranormal in that he chose to ridicule and make fun of the subject rather than publish a treatise like his contemporaries, Spare and Vondahuck. His earliest known work was published in a volume entitled *Silly Verses For Spooks*. The book includes the immortal:

*A lass called Zuul working
for Gozer
Met some 'busters who
didn't suppose her
To be all that crazy.
Or were they just lazy?
All in all, you'll agree,
quite a poser.*

No one really knows where Lure's knowledge of the Supercosmos came from, but his use of it is startling and effective. Take this limerick for example:



PART 139

*Nekkdasgeddon, starting
to loom,
Asked Ponquadrakor up
to his room,
They spent the whole
night
In a fearful plight,
As to who should be
frightened of whom.*

And also the epic nonsense poem that begins:

*Far and few, far and few,
Are the pitches where
Numbly's played.
The pace is wild and the
crowd are dead,
And the Umpire often
gets flayed
They do
The Umpire often gets
flayed.*

Or this, which displays a remarkable awareness of potent free-forming viscous ectoplasmic escalation:

*There is a young pit fiend
from Hades
Who goes about wearing
dark shades
You can tell that it's him
By his teeth long and grim
And the style of his thulking
strap braids.*

Oh. Maybe it doesn't. I think I actually meant to mention this one:

*Oh spectre with teeth
sharp and pointy
Anoint me my head,
'nointy 'nointy.
And nibble my nose,
Sever each of my toes,
And leave me all munched
and disjointy.*

Perhaps it is all best summed up by this one:

*If you want to succeed,
social climber,
Try to live in the same
house as Slimer,
And to yell as you're
trappin'
'This don't usually happen!
Just think! What could be
more sublimer?*


What indeed? I'll leave you with this one:

*If a person out late alone
meet's a
Ghost, then there's
nothing that beat's a
Light going green
When the Ghost Trap is
clean
Golly gee, let's go order a
pizza!*

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT  Art STEPHEN BASKERVILLE, LESLEY DALTON and JOHN BURNS

Saturday, 2nd February 1991

Picture this – the poshest private gallery in the City, acres of gleaming hallways designed by a man who clearly had a big thing for marble and rubber plants. You have to have a handsome bank balance even to afford a postcard at the front desk. It's called 'Chillhawk's' after the owner, that's what the plaque at the door said anyway. According to the message we received, a rather important private view of new work had been disrupted the previous evening by 'unknown forces'. Duty was calling again . . .

Peter and I arrived just after ten in the morning, and were met by the owner, a distinguished, elderly man with a strangely pronounced limp. He had, it turned out, a strangely pronounced name too.

'Mr Chillhawk?' I enquired as he shuffled to greet us.

'It's pronounced 'Chalk' actually,' he told me, shaking my hand. 'From the famous New Hampshire Chalks.'

'Famous . . . uh huh' Peter replied, and the expression on his face clearly said 'so terribly famous we haven't heard of them'.

We looked around the place. The floor and side tables were littered with scattered brochures, bowls of olives and peanuts, half-finished drinks. The private view had clearly finished in a hurry. 'Where did the disturbance begin?' I asked Chillhawk - sorry, 'Chalk'.

'In the West Gallery, through here . . . ' Chalk told us, gesturing for us to follow him.

'Great paintings,' said Peter, for want of anything better to say. He peered at the label on a particularly large canvas we were passing, a lurid affair involving reds and greens having an especially nasty head-on crash. "*Vacuum and Velocity*" by Eric Futtlescliffe. Very . . . interesting,' read Peter.

'That's 'Fussley' not Futtlescliffe, actually. A common error,' Chalk told him.

'Silly me,' said Peter.

Chalk led us into a big room, lined with some grotesque ancient portraits, great glowering menacing pictures of old, fierce men dressed in dark clothes, sitting in dark rooms. They were all edged with massive gilt frames. The artist's name on the labels was written 'Boggleymanstewart'.

'Ahh . . . ' I tried. 'Boggwert?'

'It's pronounced 'Bert' actually,' Chalk said with contempt. 'One of the most significant Neo-realists of the New Hampshire School in the late nineteenth century. We're very lucky to have such a superb group of examples. Bert is in very high demand amongst those who truly appreciate the piquant, tenacious flavour of the Neo-realist circle.'

'Very piquant,' I agreed.

'Very tenacious too,' Peter conceded.

'So it all happened in here?' I asked.

'Indeed, sir,' Chalk said, and told us what had taken place. I jotted down some notes for reference.



'It was about nine, when I was conducting some leading lights from the Chisholming Fellowship into the Bert room. Bernard Weatherfax was just remarking to Cloris Laminatitus that Bert really was remarkably piquant and not just a little tenacious, when everything went dark and there was a cold wind and dreadful howling. We all fled, of course, and poor Damien Gulgahemming blackened his eye on the door post in his race to leave. It was dreadful. There was a presence, a force, that drove us out. You must see to it.' Chalk paused and glanced over my shoulder at my notes, then took the pad and pen away from me with a 'tut tut' and crossed out 'Chisholming', 'Weatherfax', 'Laminatitus' and 'Gulgahemming' and wrote in 'Ching', 'Wax', 'Linus' and 'Gung'.

Peter had crossed the room to examine the largest, most threatening (and, let's not forget tenacious and piquant) portrait of them all, so he missed my withering glare at Chalk as he handed back the pad. 'This one's a self-portrait, right?' Peter said.

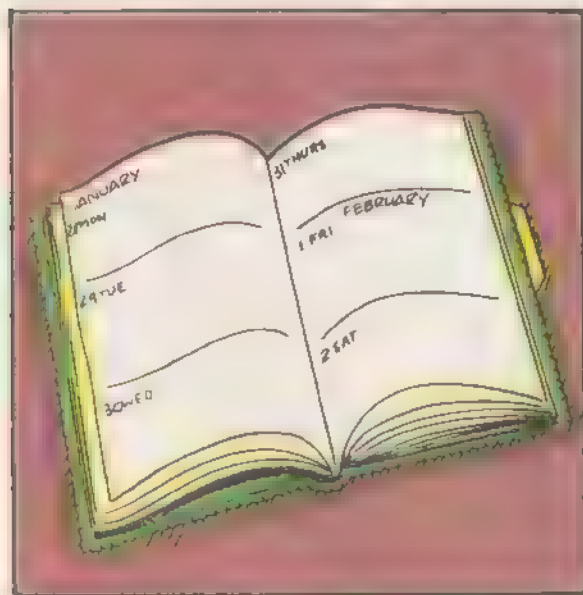
'Assuredly,' said Chalk. What's wrong with the word 'yes' I wondered.

'Packed with PKE readings,' I mused, running the meter over the painting.

'He doesn't look much like a Bert,' Peter commented, looking into the deep, dark eyes of the picture and taking some air samples with the sniffer.

'No,' I replied, 'more like a . . . Boggwert.'

I think Chalk might have told us off about that, but he was cut short by the room dropping into darkness and a freezing wind whipping past us.



'Saint Pantinghorse preserve us!' exclaimed Chalk, and I didn't really have time to ask him if that was spelt 'Pingse' as I suspected. We were in the middle of bad craziness that doesn't usually happen, and I do mean that especially nasty type of craziness that is usually pretty rare. In the chilly gloom, as the wind whistled around, we could see the portrait of Bert begin to twitch and stretch, the hands actually reaching out of the frame and grasping at us and the luckless Mr Chalk.

Chalk fled towards the door. 'I'm leaving!' he said.

'I thought it was pronounced 'Chalk' I

yelled to Peter over the gale.

'Power up!' replied Peter, slinging down his gun, 'Ghost ahead, and it's no game — check out the 'real' in our name!'

The hands stretched towards us, like taloned paws. We prepared to fire. 'What is the nature of your trouble, unquiet spirit?' I yelled out in desperation.

The picture's face contorted in rage and monstrous evil, the mouth snarling and pronouncing deep, malevolent words: 'It's pronounced Boggleymanstewart!'

Bert, Boggley, Goggwert or whatever, it was busted. As our proton streams leapt out, the picture exploded, flew off the wall and crashed around Peter's shoulders, the canvas ripping leaving the frame dangling around his neck.

The wind dropped, the light returned. So did Chalk.

'The Bert! The Bert self-portrait! You've ruined it!'

'Well,' said Peter. 'I do have a heaving feeling of guilt weighing on my shoulders.'

Chalk saw us to the door. 'I do not appreciate it really,' said Chalk. 'Ghosts are very bad for business. How much do I owe you?'

'Five big ones,' I told him.

'Very well,' Chalk answered, producing his cheque book. 'Who do I make it payable to?' He glanced at our name tags. 'Mr Venkman or Mr Zeddmore?'

'That's Venom and Z'more,' Peter said, 'and cash'll be just fine.'

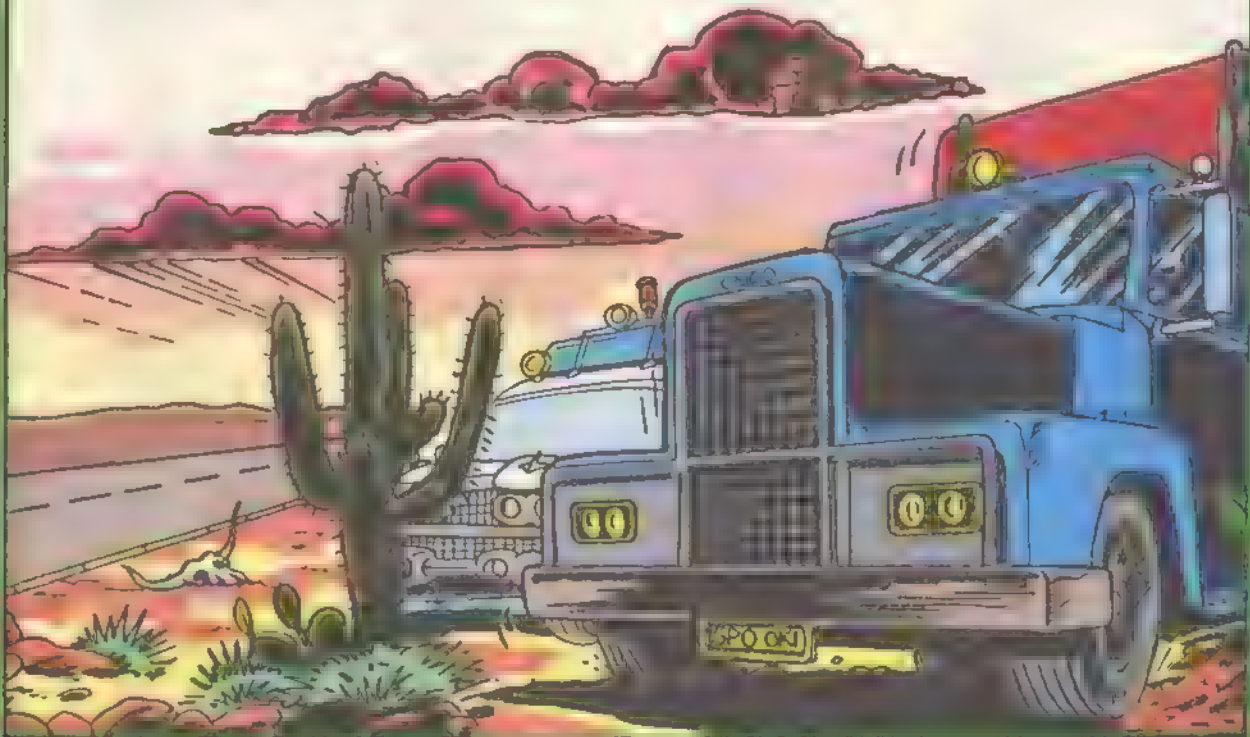


HIGHWAY HAUNT

The middle of nowhere is not the perfect place to breakdown. However, that's exactly where Ray and Winston were stranded when ECTO-1 grinded to a halt due to a flat battery. The scorching sun was beating down and with nothing but billions of grains of sand and the odd cactus, but the chance of being rescued did come in the form of enormous truck.

Winston volunteered to telephone for help, and left with the driver but was slightly daunted by the driver's silence. A man of few words he may have been, but he was a kindly soul and gave Winston a dime to buy some coffee when they stopped outside a

café. As he drove away he told him to say that Big Johnny had sent him. Unfortunately, when Winston repeated these words, he was given a less than warm reception – apparently Big Johnny had been killed ten years before. At that point Ray pulled up in ECTO-1, now raring to go. Winston climbed in beside his friend and asked how the car had made such a miraculous recovery. Ray smiled and told him that the lorry driver who had picked Winston up had kindly returned to fix ECTO-1. This was all too much for Winston who was only too glad to be leaving the middle of nowhere.



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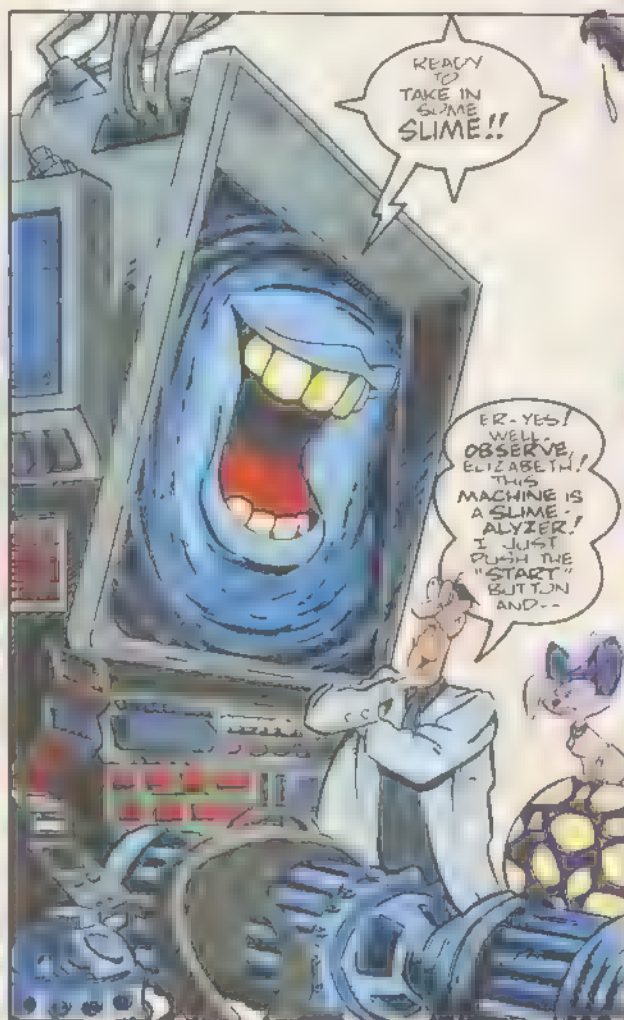
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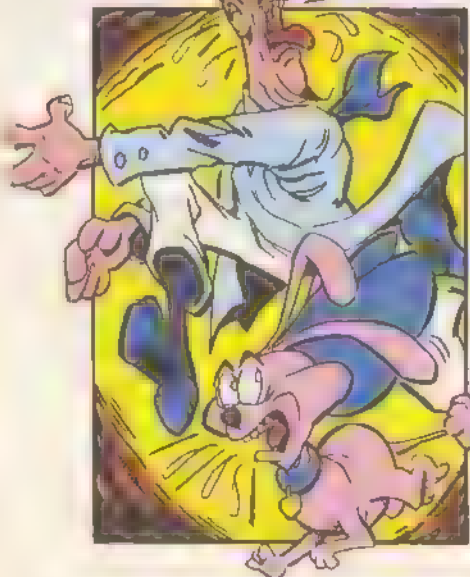


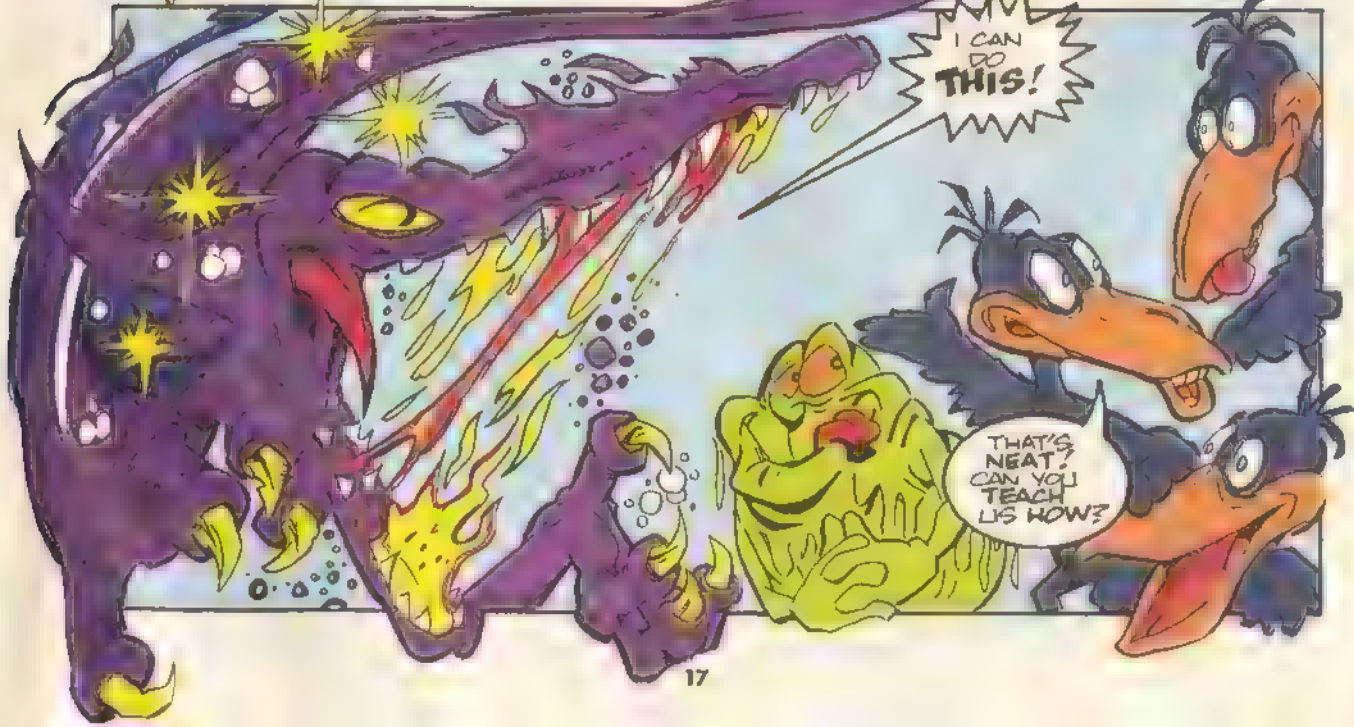
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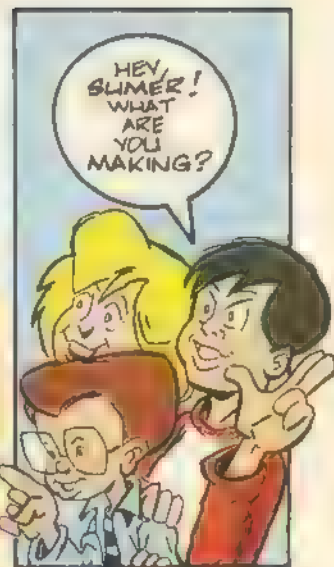
SLIMER!

Part Two: Slimer has found a ghosly egg, and is desperately trying to find the owner. But Professor Dweeb and Elizabeth steal the egg and trap Slimer!











SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



JOIN THE BAND!

CARTOON TIME

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CARTOON
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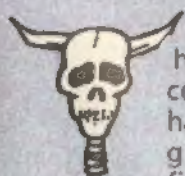


Competitions!
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On sale now!

DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



Through the centuries, there have been many gruesome and fiendishly strange happenings at sea. But there can be none more chilling than the dreaded tale of the fate that befell the crew of the *Ourang Medan*. It was a clear and idyllic day in February 1948, when several vessels in the Bay of Bengal picked up an SOS message that read "Captain and all officers dead. Entire crew dead or dying," and then later, "Now I am also near death." When the first rescue vessel pulled alongside the doomed ship, it was already surrounded by blood-thirsty sharks and there was no sign of life on board. The rescue party boarded the ship, and were

met with an eerie silence that chilled them to the bone. They set about locating the crew members, and eventually found the officers gathered together in the chartroom. It was a truly horrific sight! None of the crew members had escaped a fearful and sudden death. Their faces were locked in horror and their eyes set into maddened stares. Some of the bodies' arms were pointing skyward and it seemed as though death had come instantly and unexpectedly to these poor fellows. A doctor later examined the corpses and found no clue to the cause of death. As the rescue vessel prepared to haul the ill-fated ship into the nearest harbour, there was a sudden gush of oily smoke

from one of the holds and the ship was instantly engulfed in flames. The rescue ship had no choice but to abandon the inferno, and as they cut the towline, the ship exploded, killing several of the hungry sharks in its wake. An inquiry into the strange happenings on that fine February day concluded with a verdict of death by misadventure. The doctor who examined the corpses found no signs of disease, poisoning or suffocation. So what was it that had taken the lives of an entire ship's crew in such a sudden and horrific manner? The only ones who know for sure are now resting in their watery graves and so the mystery of the *Ourang Medan* must remain just that.



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What is dangerous, bright and yellow?
Shark-infested custard.
— John Callen, London.

Who did the warty wizard marry?
His ghoul-friend.
— Heidi Halliday, Shipley.

How does a ghost count?
One, boo, three, four, five.
— John Gamble, Swansea.

Why did the turkey cross the road?
To show it wasn't a chicken.
— Naomi O'Farrell, Ireland.

Where do policemen live?
999 Let's be Avenue, Nickem.
— Philip Hurst.

How do ghosts like their eggs?
Terror-fried.
— Cloe Thilhus, Reading.

What do frogs like to drink?
Croaka-cola.
— Alex Simpson, Staffs.

What do you do if you see a skeleton running across a road?
Jump out of your skin and join him.
— Samantha and Simon Tickner, Gwent.



Make sure that you get your copy of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** every week! With your parents permission, fill in the order coupon with your name and address and hand it to your newsagent, telling him whether you want your copy reserved for collection or delivered to your door.

To my newsagent:
Please reserve me a copy of
Marvel's **THE REAL GHOST-**
BUSTERS comic every week.
Reserve it for collection*/
Deliver it with our regular
paper order*

*Delete as applicable.

NAME

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN

GH^{OST} WRITING!



Hi, folks! Your letters are still arriving by the sackful here at Ghostbusters' HQ and you've been asking some pretty brain-stretching questions, but I'm cool and can handle it—another ice pack please, Janine!

Dear Peter . . .

I have some questions for you:

1. will there be a **GHOSTBUSTERS 3**, and if there is, will it be in the comic?
2. Will there be an ECTO-5
3. When the Containment Unit is full, where will you put the ghosts?
4. Has Slimer got his own bedroom?

— Ivor Ferris, Derry

Ah, the question on everyone's lips. We're pretty tied up at the moment, so there are no plans at present. However, that doesn't mean that we won't have time in the future. You'll just have to

wait and see. 2. Gee, don't you like surprises? 3. That's another bridge we'll have to cross when we get to it. So far, there's plenty of room in the Containment Unit, but Egon is constantly investigating ways of making it more effective. Well, that's what he tells us anyway! 4. Do you seriously think that anyone would want to share a room with Slimer! Sheesh! What a nightmare!

I would like to come and see you in New York. Will it be all right to bring my cat with me? Her name is Jessie.

— Valerie Boyce

Hey, cats are cool.

I have some questions for you:

1. Does Janine live in Ghostbusters' HQ?
2. What is your favourite TV programme?
3. Do you know how many ghosts live in New York?
4. Do you have a middle name?
5. Have you ever visited Scotland?

— Nicholas Lyon, Ardersier.

1. Now way, José. Janine has her own apartment in the Big Apple. 2. Hmm, my fave TV programme? It just has to be 'Afterlife-styles of the Rich and Famous'. 3. None. Ghosts are dead, so how can they live, huh? Where can they live, even? 4. Yes, but I'm not telling you! 5. Yes, in last year's annual. We busted the Loch Ness Monster, but it escaped again so we might have to go back and bust it yet again. I might even pop in and see my

uncle, Hector Hamish McVenkman! We also went there in Issue one hundred and fifteen to bust Bony Prince Charlie. You couldn't have missed that, could you? Actually, I'll try and visit my uncle as soon as I can.

I have some questions:

1. Name three reasons why you don't like Slimer.
2. Why doesn't Slimer get a job so he can buy his own food?
3. Why don't you make a larger Trap?
4. How do so many ghosts fit into the Containment Unit?
5. Can you tell Egon to stop using such long words.

— Graham Mitchell, Aylesbury

Thank you for your questions, Graham. 1. I can think of more than three! But if it makes you happy here are the three most irksome things about that green spud: a. He slimes me! b. He has a bigger appetite than me. c. He's a ghost! 2. Good question! We tried that one once, but the only job he could get was as a Real Ghostbuster and there's just no room on the team for a supernatural spook! 3. We could do, but so far even the hugest of spooks have fitted into the standard Trap so there doesn't seem much point! 4. Ah! That is pure scientific genius! When the ghosts are busted they are reduced to their basic particles which don't take up much space — a bit like condensed soup, really, or ghoulash, ha ha! 5. Yes, I can tell Egon to use shorter words, but I don't think he'll take much notice. It's just the way he is!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

